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FIVE OLD-COUNTRY BALLADS<sup>1</sup>

OF the following ballads, the first two are from the recollection of Miss Lucy R. Laws of Christian College, Columbia, Mo. She learned them in her childhood in Mercer County, Kentucky, from a Shakeress who was a nurse in the family. Concerning "Andy Bardan" she writes, "The ballad came to us from the Shakeress's son-in-law. He was a pensioner of the Civil War, brought up in Indiana, I think, but of the old Kentucky Sims family. He came to Mercer County in the late sixties to look up an orphan half-sister who was a step-daughter of the Shakeress. He introduced the ballad among the children of the neighborhood about that time. The Shakeress had been a nurse in our family, hence we had the benefit of the songs. Charlie Sims, the singer, became a well-known figure in the county, and died in Harrodsburg, a pensioner upon the Government and upon the charity of the people. On one side he was connected with a large and well-known family in West Mercer (the hill region) and adjoining counties; on the other side he must have been of very obscure and undesirable extraction. I always supposed that he heard the ballad while in army service, though the Sims family might well have preserved folk ballads." "The Gyptian Laddie" is also from the Shakeress's repertory; though Miss Laws tells Professor Belden that she heard portions of it in Columbus, Ind., in 1869. The tune was entirely different, and the ballad altogether suggestive of conscious coarseness:

"Last night she slept in a warm feather bed  
And in her arms her baby;  
To-night she sleeps the Devil knows where,  
In the arms of Gypsy Davy."

*Chorus*

"Hoops now's all the go,  
Sets the darkies crazy;  
This is the way we all shall go  
Along o' Gypsy Davy."<sup>2</sup>

I. ANDY BARDAN<sup>3</sup>

Three brothers in old Scotland did dwell,  
Three loving brothers were they;  
They all cast lots to see which of them  
Should go robbing around the salt sea.

<sup>1</sup> Nos. 1 (first two versions), 2, 3, 4, were contributed and edited by Professor H. M. Belden, of the University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo.; the third version of No. 1 was contributed by Professor George B. Woods, of Miami University, Oxford, O.; No. 5, by Dr. Alma Blount, of the State Normal College, Ypsilanti, Mich. — G. L. K.

<sup>2</sup> Sometimes "Davy-o."

<sup>3</sup> Compare Child 250, E, which is also from oral tradition in America; but "Andy Bardan" is nearer than Child's E to "Sir Andrew Barton," since it has kept the King's

The lot fell on to Andy Bardan,  
The youngest of the three,  
For to maintain the other two  
A-robbing around the salt sea.

He had not sailed very many long nights  
Before a ship he did spy;  
It sailed far off, it sailed far off,  
And then it came sailing close by.

"Who's there, who's there?" said Andy Bardan,  
"Who's there that sails so nigh?"  
"We are the rich merchants from old England;  
If no offense, let us pass by."

"Oh no! oh no!" said Andy Bardan,  
"Oh no, that never can be!  
Your ship and your cargo we'll have, my boys,  
And your bodies sink in the salt sea."

The news came into King Henry  
(For it was him they crowned)  
His ship and his cargo both were lost  
And all his merry men drowned.

"Go build a ship both wide and deep,  
And build it safe and secure,  
And if Andy Bardan you do not bring in,  
Your lives shall no longer endure."

They had not sailed very many long nights  
Before a ship they did spy;  
It sailed far off, it sailed far off,  
And then it came sailing close by.

"Who's there? Who's there?" said Captain Charles Stewart,  
"Who's there that sails so nigh?"  
"We are the bold robbers from old Scotland;  
If no offense, let us pass by."

"Oh no! oh no!" said Captain Charles Stewart,  
"Oh no! that never can be;  
Your ship and your cargo we'll have, my boys,  
And your bodies sink in the salt sea."

"Peel on! peel on!" said Andy Bardan,  
And loud the cannon did roar;  
And Captain Charles Stewart took Andy Bardan,  
He took him to Fair England's shore.

name as Henry, not George, and represents the pirate as conquered and taken back to England. In "Sir Andrew Barton" he is killed, and his head is carried back as a trophy.

"What now, what now," said Andy Bardan,  
 "What now my fate it shall be!  
 The gallows are ready for Andy Bardan,  
 The bold robber around the salt sea.

"Go dig my grave both wide and deep,  
 And dig it close to the sea;  
 And tell my brothers as they pass by,  
 I'm done robbing around the salt sea."

2. THE GYPTIAN LADDIE (Child, 200)<sup>1</sup>

"O would you leave your house and home,  
 O would you leave your honey?  
 O would you leave your three little babes  
 To go with the Gyptian laddie?"

*Chorus*

Raddle-um-a-ding, a-ding, ding, ding,  
 Raddle-um-a-ding-a-dary,  
 Raddle-um-a-ding, a-ding, ding, ding,  
 Raddle-um-a-ding-a-dary (*or, She's gone with the Gyptian laddie!*)

"O yes, I'd leave my house and home,  
 O yes, I'd leave my honey,  
 O yes, I'd leave my three little babes  
 To go with the Gyptian laddie!"

The old man came home that night,  
 Inquiring for his honey;  
 The maid came tripping along the hall, —  
 "She's gone with the Gyptian laddie!"

"Go saddle for me my milk-white steed,  
 Go bridle for me my brownie;  
 I'll ride all night and I'll ride all day,  
 I'll overtake my honey."

"O come go back with me, my love,  
 Go back with me, my honey;  
 I'll lock you up in a chamber so high,  
 Where the Gyptian can't come near you."

"I won't go back with you, my love,  
 I won't go back, my honey;  
 I'd rather have one kiss from the Gyptian's lips  
 Than all your land and money."

. . . . .<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A version from Missouri was printed in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xix, pp. 294, 295.

<sup>2</sup> Forgotten stanzas, in which he bids her strip off her finery, after which the 'Gyptian casts her off.

"Last night I slept in my fine feather bed,  
 And in my arms my dearie;  
 Tonight I sleep in an old . . .  
 And the Gyptian won't come near me."<sup>1</sup>

Another version comes to me through Miss G. M. Hamilton from D. Hogan of the West Plains (Mo.) High School, who got it "from an old lady."

BLACK JACK DAVY

"Come go with me, my pretty little pink,  
 Come go with me, my honey;  
 Come go with me to a distant land  
 Where we never will need for money,  
 Where we never will need for money."

. . . . .

"The river slow, the heather bright,  
 The sky is low and hazy,  
 But ere the morning dawns again  
 You'll be gone with Black Jack Davy,  
 You'll be gone with Black Jack Davy."

. . . . .

"Go bring me out my high heel shoes  
 That's made of Spanish leather,  
 And I will wear them out to-day  
 For flowers at the distant heather,  
 For flowers at the distant heather."

. . . . .

"Go bring me out my milk-white horse  
 Which rides so light and steady;  
 I'll ride all day and I'll ride all night  
 Till I overtake my lady."

Still another version was communicated in December, 1911, by Professor George B. Woods, of Miami University, Oxford, O., who had it from one of his pupils, Mr. C. V. Sensenbaugh. The ballad was learned by Mr. Sensenbaugh's grandmother, before 1850, from a family named Wolf. Mr. Sensenbaugh says that "lonely" is sometimes heard instead of "shady" in stanza 3. He also has a single line ("Surrounded by the band of Gypsies") which seems to belong to an additional stanza, though it is sometimes sung in place of the last line of the last stanza.

THE GYPSY DAVY

1. A Gypsy riding o'er the plain,  
 He sang so loud and clearly;  
 He sang and he sang, till he made the valley ring,  
 And he charmed the heart of a lady.

<sup>1</sup> Or "And the Gyptians all around me."

2. "Will you go with me, my bonnie a lass,  
Will you go with me, my honey?  
And I will swear to the sword that hangs by my side  
You shall never want for money."
3. He slipped on his high-heeled boots  
Made out of Spanish leather;  
She slipped on her low-cut shoes,  
And away they tripped together.
4. When the master he came home that night  
Inquiring for his lady,  
The servant made him a bold reply,  
"She's gone with the Gypsy Davy."
5. "Go saddle me my old gray horse,  
The black one's not so speedie;  
I'll ride all day and I'll ride all night  
Until I find my lady."
6. He rode and he rode till he came to black sea,  
Where it looked so dark and shady;  
The tears came trickling down his cheeks  
When there he beheld his lady.
7. "Will you forsake your house and lot?  
Will you forsake your baby?  
Will you forsake your new-wedded lord  
And go with the Gypsy Davy?"
8. "Yes, I'll forsake my house and lot;  
Yes, I'll forsake my baby;  
Yes, I'll forsake my new-wedded lord  
And go with the Gypsy Davy.
9. "Last night I slept on my own feather-bed,  
And in my arms my baby;  
To-night I'll sleep in the low wilderness  
In the arms of my Gypsy Davy.
10. "Last night I slept on my own feather-bed,  
And in my arms my baby;  
To-night I'll sleep, the Lord knows where,  
But with my Gypsy Davy."

3. BANGUM AND THE BOAR (Child, 18)

Some fragments of this were printed in this *Journal*, vol. xix, p. 235. The following version was written out for Professor Belden by Professor G. C. Broadhead of Columbia, Mo., who tells him he has known it for nearly sixty years.

"There is a wild boar in these woods  
*Dillum down dillum*

There is a wild boar in these woods

*Dillum down*

There is a wild boar in these woods

Who'll eat your flesh and drink your blood."

*Kobby ky cuddle down killy quo cum.*

"Oh how shall I this wild boar see?"

"I'll blow a blast and he'll come to me."

Old Bangum blew both loud and shrill;

The wild board heard on Temple Hill.

The wild boar dashed with such a rash

He tore his way through oak and ash.

Old Bangum drew his wooden knife

And swore he'd take the wild boar's life.

They fought four hours in a day;

At last the wild boar stole away.

They traced the wild boar to his den,

And found the bones of a thousand men.

#### 4. SHIPWRECK (Child, 289)

This was written down by Agnes Shibley of the Kirksville (Mo.) Normal School, who learned it from her mother. It was sent to Professor Belden by Miss Hamilton.

One Saturday night as we set sail,

Not being far from shore,

'Twas then that I spied a pretty fair maid

With a glass and a comb in her hand, her hand,

With a glass and a comb in her hand.

#### *Chorus*

The stormy wind did blow,

And the raging sea did roll,

And we poor sailors came leaping to the top

While the landsmen lay down below, below, below,

While the landsmen lay down below.

Then up came a boy of our gallant ship,

And a noble-spoken boy was he;

Saying, "I've a mother in distant York town

This night is a-weeping for me."

Then up came a lad of our gallant ship,

And a beautiful lad was he,

Saying, "I've a sweetheart in distant York town

This night is a-looking for me."

Then up came the clerk of our gallant ship,  
And a noble-spoken man was he,  
Saying, "I've a wife in distant York town  
This night a widow will be."

Then up came the captain of our gallant ship,  
There is no braver man than he,  
Saying, "For the want of a yawl-boat we'll be drowned  
And we'll sink to the bottom of the sea."

Then three times round our gallant ship turned,  
Three times round she turned;  
Three times round our gallant ship turned,  
Then she sank to the bottom of the sea.

5. CAPTAIN WARD (Child, 287)

The following version of "Captain Ward" was contributed by Dr. Alma Blount, of the State Normal College, Ypsilanti, Mich., March 14, 1912, as written down by Mr. Kerns, one of her students. It has been traditional in his family for many years. About twenty years ago one of them made a written copy. The Kerns family came from the North of England to New Jersey about a hundred and fifty years ago, and it is thought they brought the ballad with them (in memory, not in print).

1. Strike up, ye lusty gallants, that love the sound of drum!  
I have discovered a rover, that on the sea doth run;  
His name it is bold Captain Ward, as plain it doth appear;  
There hasn't been such a rover found out this hundred year.
2. He sent a letter unto our queen the ninth of February,  
Desiring that he might come in, with his company so merry;  
Desiring that he might come in, and when his tale was told,  
For his ransom he would give fully thirty tons of gold.
3. "Oh, no! oh, no!" then said our queen. "This thing it may not be,  
That I should reign upon the land and not upon the sea.  
He hath deceived the Queen of France, likewise the Queen of Spain,  
And how should he prove true to me when he hath deceived twain?"
4. Our queen then fitted out a ship, a gallant ship of fame,  
And she was called the Rainbow, if you would know her name.  
So well she was provided for, and fitted for the sea,  
With fifty good brass pieces to bear her companie.
5. It was four o'clock in the morning when they began to fight,  
And cannons they kept roaring till eight o'clock at night.  
"Shoot on! shoot on!" says Captain Ward, "your sport well pleaseth me;  
And if you fight a month or more, your master I will be!"



6. And now the gallant Rainbow is returning home again,  
Saying, "Yonder sails proud Captain Ward, and there he may remain."

. . . . .  
. . . . .

[Several stanzas missing]

7. "Alack! alas!" then said our queen, "for I've lost jewels three:  
There was Captain Drake and Witherington and bold Lord Willoughby.  
If e'er a one of them was alive, he'd have brought proud Ward to me."